King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe resoluing witty *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord I heare the Marquesse *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor is abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meene borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?
Tir. Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.
King, Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies,
King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemyes.
Foes to my rest that my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.
Tir. Let me haue meanes to come to them,

And soone lie rid you from the feare of them,
King. Thou singst sweete musicke, Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *Hee whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say, is it done
And I will loue thee and preferre thee too.
Tir. Tis done my good Lord.
King. Shall wee heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sleepe?
Tir. Yea my good Lord. *Enter Buckingham.*
Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.
King. Well let that passe *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond.*
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. Stanley, he is your wiues sonne: Well lookt too it.
Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.
King. Stanley looke to your wife, if they conuey
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answere it.
Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?
King. As I remember *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps,
Buc. My Lord.
King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.
Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earledome.
King. Richmond, When last I was at *Exeter*,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,
And called it Rugemount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once
I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*
Buc. My Lord.
King. I whats a clocke?
Buc: I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promisde me.
King. Well but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.